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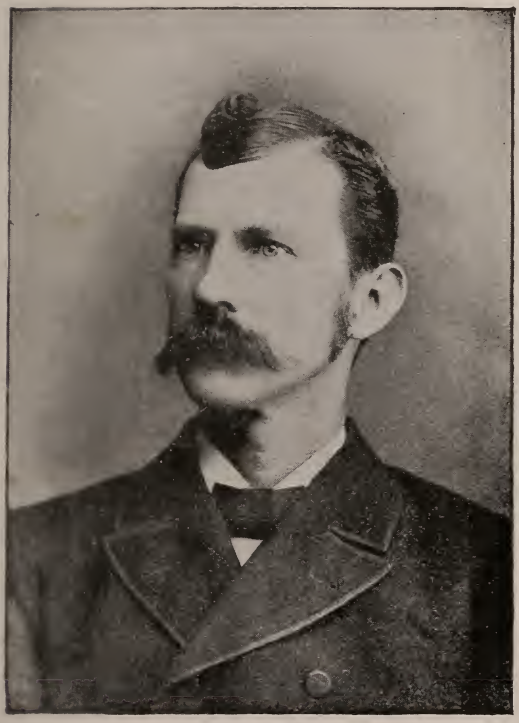
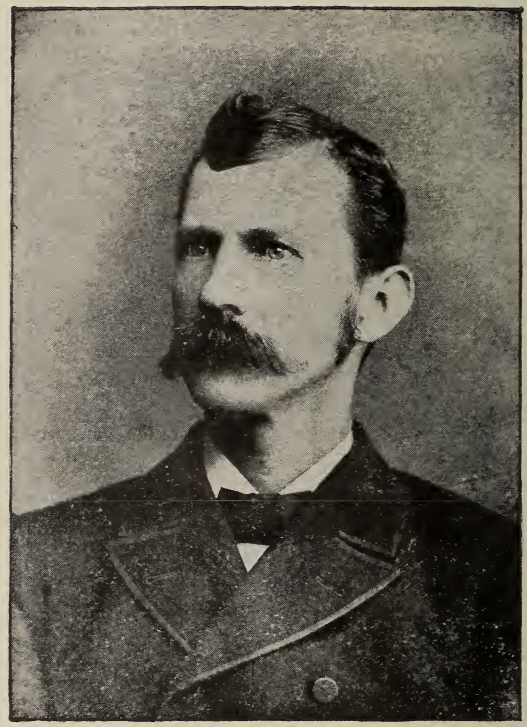
The Dark
AND THE
Bright Side of the Life
—OF—



Andrew J. Dolbow.

WRITTEN FROM DICTATION BY REV. SAMUEL H. HANN.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



ANDREW J. DOLBOW,
Wilmington, - Delaware.
May 22, 1895.

"The Dark

AND THE

Bright Side of the Life"

—OF—

Andrew J. Dolbow.

Written from dictation by

REV. SAMUEL H. HANN,

Of the New Jersey Annual Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, with an Introduction by

REV. JOHN THOMPSON,

Assistant Editor of the Christian Standard.

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PREFACE.

The following pages contain an account of the life of Andrew J. Dolbow, written from his own dictation by the undersigned. It is divided into three parts. Part 1st embraces from his birth to the time when out of the depths of sin he cried to God for relief. This part is known as "The dark side of his life."

Part 2d embraces from the time when in answer to this cry light began to break in, to the time when in response to the call of God he went forth to devote his life to special work in His service. This part is known as "The bright side of his life."

Part 3d embraces an account of some of the work that he has been enabled to do by the blessing of God in the places to which he has been called. This part is entitled "My new work."

Those who have heard Bro. Dolbow speak will not expect to find in these pages the personality of the man. That personality could not be put upon paper by the pen of any person. The following taken from the "Divine Life," and written by Rev. S. A. Keen, D. D., gives as clear a likeness of the man as could be given in words by anyone:

"Bro. A. J. Dolbow, of Wilmington, Delaware, is a kind of a Billy Bray, saved from the depths of sin, uneducated, having mother wit, much natural ability and eloquence; wonderfully anointed of the Spirit, notwithstanding his singularities—indeed, by them, is made a great power for good. There is such evident sincerity and

unaffectedness in all his spiritual mannerisms, that while they excite mirth, they at the same time command respect. He belongs in that class of anomalous religious characters and agents with Father Taylor, Peter Cartwright, Geo. Maley, Billy Bray and others. His shout is a whoop. He often leaps when praising the Lord, but when he gives testimony or prays, all feel that he is a man of God, and wonderfully saved."

In what has been written there has been no attempt to put this intense, strong personality with its mannerisms upon paper. But simply a modest attempt to give a continued narrative of his life and a simple statement of some of his work as he has stated it to the writer.

It has been written with a desire and belief that the book will prove a great blessing. That it may encourage those who start in life as he started, at a disadvantage. That it may lead everyone who reads it to see that though a sinner by nature and with this bent to sin strengthened by a hereditary predisposition to evil, and all this increased by years of service in sin, yet he can be fully saved. Saved from condemnation. The force of habit broken. The hereditary taint cured and the body of sin destroyed. And furthermore that God can take wasted powers and energies and can concentrate them under the baptism of the Holy Ghost until His own strength is made perfect in weakness. With a prayer that all this and more may be accomplished through this book, it is written and sent forth.

SAMUEL H. HANN,
Methodist Episcopal Parsonage,
May 22, 1895. Tuckahoe, New Jersey.

INTRODUCTION.

One of the most wonderful declarations of the word of God is found in Hebrews 7: 25, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." If these words had come from the pen of any other than an inspired writer it is more than likely that we would have staggered at such a declaration through unbelief. Or even coming from an inspired writer if we had never known of any examples or specimens of this uttermost salvation we might be perplexed to understand fully what the inspired writer meant by the assertion or declaration that Jesus is "able to save to the uttermost." But we have had all along the line of the ages such wonderful specimens of this great salvation that we do not stagger at this declaration through unbelief nor are we in any perplexity as to the full meaning of this text.

The experience of Brother Andrew J. Dolbow is only another assurance of the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost all that come to God through Him.

Just so long as Jesus continues to save those who have almost reached the gates of Hell so long should the experiences of these wonderfully saved souls be published and scattered broadcast to encourage the faith of Christian workers as well as to encourage degraded and outcast souls to come to Jesus. No man should glory in telling how near he came to the gates of Hell only that he may exalt the mercy of God that reached him and snatched him as a brand from the burning.

I am glad that Bro. Dolbow has been led to publish his experience. I pray that it may do good, only good and that continually. Such testimonies should have an extensive circulation, especially should we try to get such publications into the hands of others such as Bro. Dolbow was who are nearing the bottomless pit. Praying that the Lord may make this publication the means of the salvation of precious souls, I would give it the wings of the morning and send it to the uttermost parts of the earth wherever a wretched outcast is to be found.

JOHN THOMPSON.
2002 Brandywine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Dark Side of my Life."

PART I.

I was born in the village of Perkintown, Salem county, New Jersey, on the 30th day of May, 1846. When I was one year old my parents removed to Wilmington, Delaware. My father and mother were people of humble circumstances. My father being a waterman and addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, spent much of his time away from home, and his money for that which has proved the curse of so many homes. This put the responsibity of the government of the children, of which at this time there were four, I being the youngest, and the expense of their maintenance, upon my mother. In order to meet the latter my mother became a huckster, in the city market. As best she could she attended to the customers that came to her stall, and nursed me in the intervening moments of the day; while I spent the time she was waiting on her customers in a basket under the stall.

For five long weary months my mother thus worked by day and nursed me and cared for the other children until in her desperation she uttered this prayer for me: "O Lord if this precious babe is to live and if he can be made to be an honorable man, and a blessing to himself, to his parents, to society, and to the world, may the tide of his health be turned now, and may he be spared; but if his life is to be one of disgrace, to himself, and his parents, or if he is not to live, then may he die now." Up to this time, from my birth my life seemed to hang in a balance;

but now, in answer to the prayer of this burdened and over worked mother, there seemed to come new life into the blood which flowed in my veins until I became a strong healthy boy; indeed the strongest of the entire family of seven children, three older than myself and three younger. It was doubtless this fact which led to the decision that I must leave home when less than seven years of age, in order to gain a livlihood for myself and thus give relief to my over-worked mother.

The time came for me to go. I shall never forget it. My home was not what other homes were; but it was the dearest spot on earth to me. The ties which bound me to my kindred may not have meant to me what they meant to others, reared differently and upon whom more care was bestowed; but my mother was my best friend on earth, and my brothers and sisters were the playmates of my youth and the dearest on earth to me.

I can see my mother now wrapping my clothes in a bundle. It did not take a trunk to hold them. My father's money had gone to the rumseller's till and from there to buy clothes for his children. It might take more than one trunk to hold them, while I had clothes only enough to scantily cover my body and to make a small bundle besides. Out from this home, robbed of that which rightfully belonged to me went my mother leading her boy to be placed in the hands of strangers. To the steamboat wharf we go where waits the boat that is to take me away to another home. As she kissed me good bye there came tears from her eyes, and down her cheeks they found their way and from her lips there came a sob, the echo of which I can almost hear

now; which told me of the anguish felt by my mother at the parting. The boat starts and the mother turns to her home while the boy with strangers for companions is borne away.

For a little over one year I made my home with George Barnet, near Pennsgrove, Salem county, New Jersey; when Mrs. Barnet died and the home was broken up. From here I was sent to another family without the consent of my parents, or without any knowledge being had by them of my whereabouts. At this place I did not receive the kindest treatment. At an age when I needed careful training I received it not. Instead of being trained up I was clubbed up. Not a day's schooling, without restraint, that ought to have been exercised; the inborn trend toward evil began to be strenghtened by force of habit. The contents of the rum jug with which I was sent to the rumseller to have filled were sampled by myself.

It was at this point that I began to be conscious of the presence of the serpent of the still within me. That awful appetite, inherited from my father, and which in after years became my master needed but the taste of the liquor in that jug to awaken it to activity. To meet its demands I drank liquor as soon as I could get it in my possession, either by fair means or foul.

To the use of tobacco I also became addicted, at this early age of twelve years.

Soon after this I paid a visit to my home and from here I entered the same calling as that followed by my father. I shipped as cabin boy on a boat engaged in the oyster trade in the Delaware Bay. In this work I was thrown in contact with wicked men and boys whose companionship I found to be congenial, and whose

manner of life and habits were calculated to strengthen my evil desires and to confirm me in my habits of wrong. With people for companions that feared neither God nor man I went deeper and deeper into sin. The demon within with each succeeding day seemed to be exercising increasing power, demanding service which I endeavored to give by yielding to the demands of my passions and appetites.

Restless with the restraints of this life on the water, my evil desires sought a wider field. I turned to the shore again, living in several different places, a short time only in each place, seeking all the time for the companionship and fellowship of those with like desires with myself for that which was evil.

At the age of fourteen years I found myself employed on what was then and is still known as the "Sharp farm," Brandywine Hundred, New Castle county, Delaware. From here I went to live on the "Price farm," near Brandywine village. It was here that I found companions qualified to instruct me in the dark ways of sin. Thieves, gamblers, cut throats, ballet dancers, infidels, unbelievers, atheists, men and women of the darkest type and of character so black that as I review them and their doings, now, their blackness would seem to cast a shadow over the blackness of the blackest conception that I have of the blackest hell.

With the taint of sin within me, had by all the race, as a result of the fall, and this encouraged, and in its force strengthened by an inherited appetite for strong drink, and with passions born in me transmitted from those who had lived before me; with this class of people for companions and to lead me on, do you my reader wonder

that I, a young man at the age of seventeen years, had gone in sin far beyond most of those of my own age?

Was there a drunken brawl on hand I was sent for by those older than myself, because of my natural affinity for that which was to constitute an essential part of the exercise—whiskey. Was there a dance on hand? Most of those taking part might be older than myself, but none more welcome than Dolbow, the jig dancer. Was there a sparring match, running, tumbling or other match, requiring athletic skill and nimbleness? I was sure to receive a special invitation; and as sure to accept; and reasonably sure of bearing away with me the so-called honors of the occasion.

In the spring of 1864, and when less than eighteen years of age, I enlisted as a volunteer in the civil war, in the 8th Delaware Regiment, Company C, 5th Corps, and 2nd Division, under the command of Lieutenant Myers. The army life presented opportunities, not only for me to learn of evil, but to teach others the evil which I knew. For while I found myself to be among the youngest, of the soldiery, yet in knowledge of evil and adeptness in the practice of the same I was among the most mature.

At the battle of Five Forks, Virginia, I was shot. From the battle field, in an unconscious state, I was carried to the division hospital at City Point, Virginia. On regaining consciousness I found myself surrounded with the wounded and dying, and thought that I also must surely die. In a few days, however, I had gained sufficient strength so that I was removed to Finley Hospital, Washington, D. C. During my stay here General Lee surrendered to General Grant, and the war was at an end, consequently I re-

ceived an honorable discharge and returned to my mother's home in Wilmington, Delaware; at which place I did not arrive until I had a protracted dishonorable debauch, during which I spent the last cent of the one hundred and thirty dollars received at the time I was discharged, and arrived home without a penny.

Following, this, for two years, I pursued my evil way, until my health was broken and my mind was shattered. From place to place I wandered, physically and mentally a wreck; young in years, not yet twenty-one, old in crime, with my body and mind giving evidence of advanced age. Oh, the blackness of that awful night in which I found myself in the spring of 1867. It seemed as if the powers of hell had taken hold of me with increased force.

Thus I drifted on I know not how many days until all at once there came into my mind as a flash of-light from Heaven, a desire to lead a better life. Whence it came, then, I knew not. By what agency it was carried to me, so far as human means were concerned, I do not now remember, but it came. So far as I can recollect, the first thought I ever had of a desire for a better life. I may have had a desire to be good before I became bad in my acts. But from the time I can remember there never had entered my mind a desire for any thing but for that which was bad. So thoroughly depraved was I by nature and set towards evil by hereditary taint, and so dense had become this cloud of evil by my own acts contributing to help make it so, that so far as I can recall not a single gleam of light had ever broken through the cloud.

Not within my recollection, up to this time, had there ever been a person that had ever sug-

gested to me the possibility of a better life. Not once, so far as I know, had any one told me of God, Christ, Hope or heaven. No, not even my mother. Do you wonder at this? Do you wonder that my mother or some other did not, at some time, come to me in my wanderings and tell me of deliverance from my evil way?

My mother! My mother! how she loved me. But burdened and careworn, her life was crushed, and during the few years I was away from her in my childhood, so hardened did I become, so warped and crooked and confirmed in sin, that I do not wonder that her timid soul shrank from me.

Let those who would blame her now; remember that they do not know me as I was then. Why had not others spoken to me? As I look back to those days I do not wonder for so thoroughly given up to badness was I for years; that I had scarcely come in contact with a single good person, and if, perchance, one passed me by and looked toward me he could scarcely believe that

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings were buried that grace could restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken would vibrate once more.

But while then I knew not whence came the thought of a better life, now I know it was of God. The desire did not bring relief. It was for a season as a stream of light in the darkness. The latter seemed to be more dense. I never knew with what force the drink habit had taken hold of me until I began to think of turning away from it. I never knew how rapid flowed the current of evil in my life until I began to think of stemming the tide.

The thought, however, was followed by a resolution. It was to be a man and as other people. I began to look for agencies to help me. I felt the need of a home and said "A wife is what I need." I polished the exterior as best I could; to do away with the traces of my former life, and sought and found a wife in the person of Mrs. Maggie Miller. We were married on the 2d day of December, 1867. So effectually did I cover my past life and disguise my true character, that at the time no thought entered her mind that she had married a drunkard and even worse than that. The revelation, however, soon came. On Christmas day following my marriage, and in less than four weeks from the same, I turned again to my cups and in a beastly state of intoxication, returned to the wife and home which I had said I needed to help me.

From this time on for five years I went even from the bad that I had been to the worse that I had never known. Not only did I learn that the wife and the home for which I craved as a means of keeping me from evil were not sufficient, but I took them to share in the degredation which came to me.

During those years my wife, deceived as she had been, clung to me and though her lot was to suffer deprivation and abuse, yet she was faithful and true. As best she could, in my sober moments, what few there were, she would strive to encourage me to a better life. But of no avail were her efforts. For five years I was almost continuously under the influence of strong drink and at almost every pay day, once every month, and not infrequently between these times did I become beastly drunk. At these periods I was a terror to all with whom I came in contact.

The demon rum seemed to touch the springs of evil within me and all the demons of Hell seemed to have their headquarters within; from which they would go forth through my acts to accomplish their designs.

During most of this time I was employed by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R., as fireman in the yard, now known as the position of hostler, preparing the engines in the round house for their run on the road, at a salary of from fifty to sixty dollars per month, only a small part of which went to my family, the largest part being spent for rum. Several times was I suspended for drunkenness and as frequently was I reinstated again until at last forbearance ceased to be a virtue and after a protracted debauch I was discharged. Frenzied with the power of the demon I had gone from bad to worse to depths I had never been. Down, down to the very threshold of Hell itself, until I was taken one day from a drunken fight, to my home, more dead than alive. Here I remained for a week hovering between life and death. On recovering sufficiently I went to the shop for work but was told by the foreman that I was not wanted, that I had been drunk again and again and frequently warned and it did no good and now they were not going to tolerate it longer. In my desperation I felt as if I was lost with no hope. I wandered from place to place in awful agony until night; when I returned to my home and told my wife the next morning that I had lost my position. Now a fresh sorrow was added. She informed me that she had done what she could to hold me up but now she was going to discard me as a hopeless case.

I went forth a wanderer, a drunkard, a vagabond, to go I scarcely knew where. At last I found myself at the shop where I had been employed. The foreman met me and to my surprise said "Andy we have decided to try you again." Why they came to this conclusion then I did not know. In after years I learned that James Morgan, then and still an engineer on the road, during the night on hearing of my discharge had said to the master mechanic: "I think there is something better for Andy. If you will try him again I will go his security." As I review those days now I can see that while then I thought there was no one that cared for me yet in the persons of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Asy Denial, the foreman of the shop, and in others I had friends who were more interested in me than I was interested in myself.

On that morning in February, 1873, I reached the lowest round of the ladder, in my descent towards hell. Here I stood in the blackest part of the cloud which hung over the period known with me as the dark side of my life. In that round-house on that morning I stood a vagabond drunkard, with no home, wife driven from me, and as I thought, with no friends. Here I stood waiting to take the next step, little caring if that should take me to the darkness of eternal death.

Here I close part first of the story of my life known as "The Dark Side." Before passing to part second, "The Bright Side," I would remind the reader, that the review given in part first has not been to me a pleasure. It is not and has never been to me a delightful exercise to dwell upon the wrong that I did towards God, towards myself, and others.

Would that I could forget it. Would that I could undo the wrong that I did to others. Would that I could be clear of the effects of the wrong which I did to myself, which are and will continue to be a harvest reaping from the seed sown, but I can not. In the cells of my memory is the thought in harmony with fact: "I wronged God by my sinful life." Others whom I wronged have gone into the beyond from which I can not call them to make right the wrong done. Others there are still living, carrying upon their brows, furrows of care that I would gladly smooth away if I could. Upon my own body and mind are ineffaceably stamped the effects of my evil life, which I shall not lose to the day of my death. These things being true, I look about me, in the present, and out into the future, I think that it is possibly, and probably true, that there are hundreds and thousands situated as I was; out into life they have gone, and down the same as I went. To them I speak in the recital of the dark side of my life, with a desire only to magnify the grace of God. The dark side is not the only side of my life. If it had been, never would I have written it, for then would I have discouraged and disheartened the many whose lives in their darkness are portrayed in the darkness of my own. There is a bright side, and may the light of its rays be the more plainly seen by a contrast with the shadows through which the reader has been brought in Part 1.

"The Bright Side."

PART II.

The words spoken by that kind hearted fore man that morning were full of music to me. At once I turned to my work, when with a suddenness that startled me, there seemed to reach me a voice which said "Stop where you are, you have gone far enough." As if speaking to some one who had spoken to me I said, "What is it? Who is this speaking to me?" No one was near me or in sight of me so far as I could see. No answer came to my questions except that which came in my thought and escaped from my own lips, prompted by a power higher than myself. "This is a call from the Lord," and I said "I am going to get religion." Who God was and what religion was, if any one had asked me I could not have told. I only knew that I was in a place from which, if I was ever rescued, it must be by a stronger power than any of earth. One time I thought a wife and home would help me, but now I knew there was something more than this that was needed.

How I went through that day I hardly know. When night came I started for what had once been my home and from which I had gone that morning feeling that wife having turned from me I had no home. That night on my way from work I did not stop at the saloon as had been my custom. I went straight home and threw myself upon the door step and pushing open the door I said in the midst of sobs and tears, "Maggie I have made up my mind to get religion." She answered, you get religion? You never would keep religion and go with the companions that you go with." I

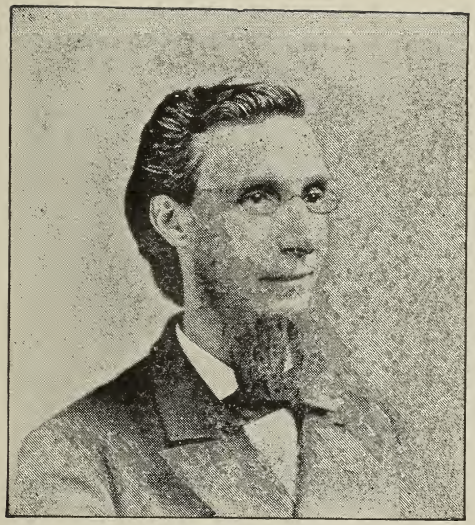
said "I am going to see if I can get it and then will consider the matter of keeping it." What it was that I needed and what I really meant I could not tell. I knew but little about God and Christ. I was ignorant in the extreme but I had resolved that there was somewhere a power that could help me and I wanted it.

Another thought came: "The church was the place to seek it. I had not been inside a church for years, but now I wanted to go to church. I said to my wife "will you take me to church?" She assured me that she would if I would go. That very night we attended revival meetings being held in Asbury Church, corner of 3rd and Walnut Sts., conducted by the pastor, Rev. Enoch Stubbs. What the preacher said that night I do not remember, I only know that when he gave the invitation for those who felt their need of Christ to come and seek Him, I went forward and knelt at the altar. How to pray I did not know. I had never, within my recollection, tried to pray. The meeting closed and on my way home that night it seemed as if all the forces of the eternal pit were at work in and about me.

The morning came and I went to my work. It was an awful day. Every fibre of my being seemed to be on fire. It was a long day to me, but night came and to my home I went without drink and to the church, and again as a seeker I went to the altar of prayer. The meeting closed and still no relief. The most of the next day was spent in prayer the best I knew how. Night came, and again for the third time I went to my home without drink. This time I carried with me the money received for what work I had done

at the shop during that month. I took the money home, and for the first time in my life handed to my wife the earnings of the month. That this act of mine, was a surprise to her, was quite clear. It was an evidence of my sincerity in trying to break away from my former life. I then did towards her what she had been compelled to do towards me under our "old life," viz.: "solicit a little cash." Then she did towards me just what I had done hundreds of times towards her, viz., asked me this question: "What are you going to do with the cash." I answered, "I owe a rum bill and I want to go pay it." She said, "If you go to that saloon you will be drunk before you get out." Censure that woman if you will for her lack of confidence, but remember what I had been to her. At last with some reluctance she gave me the money and I started for the saloon. When I arrived and entered the door the fumes of the liquor reached me, and it seemed to me as if at one moment every breath that I drew laden with the fumes of that liquor, was extra fuel added to the fire that was raging within me. As I entered the saloon the man behind the bar said "Hello Andy, where have you been the last few days; you have not been around?" I answered, "I am now trying to lead a better life, will you tell me how much I owe you." He stated to me the amount, and I paid the bill.

That was the last cent of money that I ever spent for rum, but quickly the fellow put upon the bar a bottle with whiskey and glass and said: "Take a drink." That moment was to me a crisis. The old appetite within me sprang at once into activity; my very tongue reached for a taste of the contents of that bottle. I looked at the



ENOCH STUBBS.

man, the bottle and at myself. Quick as a flash there came before me a review of what this thing had done for me, and then with all the emphasis that I could give the word I said: "No Sir! Rum has been my curse, it has blasted my life and well nigh sent me to hell. I am never going to take another drink of liquor as long as I live." No sooner had I uttered the words than there seemed to come to me a consciousness of strength. Already I began to find within me possibilities that would lead me to manhood.

As I uttered the words the bar tender looked at me and to my surprise he said: "Andy I glory in your spunk." I turned from that saloon that night never to visit it or any other one, in order to seek the fellowship of those who frequent such places. From the saloon I went home and the fact that I came without the fumes of liquor on my breath convinced my wife that I was in dead earnest in my efforts to be saved. To the church we went that night and again listened to the invitation to seek the Lord. What a struggle was that which went on within me that night As I have reviewed it since that time, it has seemed to me that the devil must have known that if I went to that altar again I would be saved, and his power over me would be broken. I felt is if I was fastened to the seat on which I was sitting. I endeavored to rise but it seemed as if my body was to heavy for my limbs to bear. At last I mustered strength and with all the energy at my command I started for the altar but verily it seemed as if the bench was coming after me.

Again I prayed and cried and struggled in awful agony of body and soul. My tongue and throat seemed parched, my very vitals seemed to be burning up. I seemed in my soul to be on the

very verge of the bottomless pit. Outside and away from all help. I was lost to every thing and every body. The meeting closed and most of those who were there had gone home, but still I remained at that altar. There stood by me three men: Rev. Enoch Stubbs, the pastor of the church, Bros. George Pooltney and Samuel Casperson. Bro. Pooltney bending over me said: "Look up there is something better for you." O what a sense of utter helplessness came over me. My physical strenght was gone and my very soul was crushed. At that moment I was ready and willing to do any thing that was told me and to go anywhere in order to be saved. Trying to obey the command of that man of God. I cast my eyes toward Heaven and cried out: "My God give me freedom or let me die." Those words expressed the cry of my entire being. A cry which I felt if it was not heard, and if relief did not come, surely I must die on the spot.

But I did not die except to sin. Instantly, quick as a flash from heaven, there came an answer which reached me in the lowest depths to which I had gone. Relief came, the burden was gone, and though its weight had been increasing through years of service of sin until it crushed me and sank me in the mires of hell, yet in less than a second of time it was all gone and I felt myself standing on what seemed to me to be the threshold of heaven itself.

I sprang to my feet and jumped and shouted through the church and out and through the streets to my home. The first words uttered by myself in the new language I shouted again and again: "Glory to God I am free at last;"

going through the streets shouting these words and bareheaded, for I left my hat at the church, I do not wonder that I raised a commotion. Crowds of people gathered about the door of my home to hear the new sounds coming from the same. They had been accustomed to hear curses and language unfit to be heard but they had never heard praises to God and prayer in that house before.

With my wife and her boy by a former husband, and her father and mother about me in the house and with crowds of people about the door I made my first prayer at my family altar. The prayer offered was not scientific in its construction so far as rules of language were concerned, but it was the outburst of a heart in thankfulness, made new, and a cry for help that it might be kept in this way. The effect of that prayer, crooked as it was, was marvelous. The neighbors came about the house until my wife said "They think you have gone crazy." But I told them that for the first time in my life I was clothed and in my right mind. The very cat, a pet of the house seemed to know that something new was on hand. And why not? The dumb animal that had crouched at my coming and had only received kicks and cuffs now seemed like a new creature in the order of creation, in its relation to me, and I suppose that my kind treatment may have suggested that I was not the same man.

But whether the neighbors knew by the new sounds coming from that home that a new man had moved in; and whether the cat knew it by the difference in the treatment received, there was one thing sure, there was one person that did know it; that person was myself. I retired to

my bed that night with an experience I never had before. Somehow or in some way I was conscious that the awful burden of sin was gone; and that I was a child of God. Furthermore I was conscious that I was a new creature and that the appetite for rum and tobacco was gone. I did not stop to reason then as to the improbability of this. Nobody came to me then and said "The day of miracles is past, Christ has changed, He cannot do to-day what he did when he was here in the flesh. I did not know then that anybody that professed to believe in Christ at all entertained such a belief. I have found out since, however, that such is the case. But if they had come to me that night I would not have believed then any more than I believe them now.

When I was seeking deliverance I was told I could have it complete in Jesus Christ and I believed it that night and more than this, I not only believed it but I knew it. The hereditary appetite for rum, tobacco and other narcotic stimulants was cured when I met Jesus that night and to this day I have never had a relapse. Let the world scoff at the statement if they will. Let even those who profess to be the Lord's children deny the possibility if they will but what I know I know why I do know. And this I know. I was a slave but in Christ I was made free. Glory! But little sleep came to me during the night. I arose early and what a sense relief there was within me. I said to my wife "I feel this morning as though I was living in a brown stone front with a silver plate on the door with my name graven on it." But do you know that the old house was the same? It was I who had changed.

Before leaving my home that morning to go

to my work we had our family prayer. My thought turned toward the word of God, as containing that which I needed to know in my new life. But the fact stared me in the face that I had wasted my time in sin and that I could not read. But I said to my wife, bring a Bible and teach me how to read it. We turned to the fourteenth chapter of the gospel by St. John and she began with me the lesson. After a few words of explanation it seemed to me that the word was unfolded. I had never read in my life. Had grown up in ignorance and now there seemed to come to me an ability to grasp the meaning of this chapter. I put the words together and read it through. Just in what degree this was assistance given in a supernatural sense I do not determine. What were the powers of my mind disciplined by my contact with men and things I do not know; but now out from under the awful blackness that had been over me there seemed to be a play of my mental powers that I had never known. Up to this time I did not know that it were possible for me to read words on paper so as to get the sense; but now there came a consciousness of the fact which to me is of more value as proof in its favor than all the criticisms made against it are proofs in opposition.

As I went to my work that morning it appeared to me that I was in a new world. I went forth with the truth of these words ringing in my soul, though at that time I had never heard them:

He lives, all glory to His name,
He lives, my Saviour's still the same,
He lives! He lives, who once was dead,
He lives my everlasting Head.

He lives and grants me daily breath,
He lives and I shall conquer death,

He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

Arriving at the shop do you wonder that my shopmates thought me crazy? Glory after glory filled my soul as I told them of the great change that had come over me. How they gathered about me to hear this new story of what Christ had done for me!

From this time on my life was a new one. I began at once to tell the wonderous story of Christ's power to save to all that would listen to me. Whether at my work or elsewhere, day or night, this was my theme. I soon learned that the world was no friend to help me in this life, and I began to reach out after God in His fullness. Under increased light which came to me I soon saw that I would be obliged to change my work in order that I might not be compelled to work on Sunday as had been my custom. I told my convictions to Bro. Pooltney, who had been my spiritual adviser when I was seeking the Lord, and said to him that I had made up my mind to give up my work in order that I might be true to God, even though by so doing I would be compelled to live on bread and water. He said to me: "Andy, if you have to live on bread and water the Lord will sweeten the water."

I went to the master mechanic of the railroad and said to him: "I don't know how you read your Bible but mine tells me to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and I have come to ask to be released from my Sunday work." In a few days I was notified that my work would be changed and that there would be a reduction of my wages to about one-half what I had been receiving. This position I accepted and moved my

family into a two-roomed house in order that my expenses might be kept within my income. From that time on for fourteen years until I entered the evangelistic work I continued in the employ of the company and never worked a single Sunday.

Soon after changing my position I entered into the experience of entire sanctification. By the name as such I did not stop to consider it, but I did reach out after freedom from an internal strife known to myself if not to others. The inherited taste for liquor and other narcotics was gone, but there was a consciousness of an unrest from which I desired to be delivered. That deliverance I sought and obtained of the Lord Jesus by an exercise of faith in Him.

What ever may have been the experience of others I know that in my case there was a complete radical change at the time of my conversion, and that afterwards my soul cried out for deliverance from an inward unrest and that I sought it by faith in the Lord Jesus and received it in the same way and that I have it now. Glory!

Others may profess to be the children of God by being sanctified wholly at the time of their conversion and yet have an appetite for the onions, garlic and leeches of the Egypt of this world but my relish for those things departed when I took Christ for my sanctifier and Hallelujah! it has never come back. Others may say they grew into it or expect to, but as for me the more I attempted to grow into it the more I didn't grow. Others may say "It is not to be had until death," but I was simple-hearted enough to believe that if the Lord could save me fully at death he could save me while I lived and that I could be of more use to Him if I was so saved than if I

was not. And Hallelujah! I found it to be true.

Entering into this experience how my eyes began to be opened; not only as to my privilege in freedom in my own experience but liberty in work, and also in relation to the world unsaved. I began to see that the Lord having saved me I was to help save others. Opportunities were presented for me to conduct prayer meetings in churches and homes during the week and on the Sabbath day.

Uniting with the church in which I was converted, Asbury church, Wilmington, I was soon appointed class leader. This office I continued to fill until I entered the evangelistic work. The last class was formed largely from those formerly non-church goers; gathered from different sections of the city, converted, formed into a class and I was appointed their leader. During this time I also engaged in the rescue mission work. For eleven months every night in succession and three times on Sunday I conducted meetings at Holly Tree Inn. Having been licensed as an exhorter by the church of which I was a member, I conducted meetings at Silver Brook. At first the people were gathered under a tree. Great crowds of people came to hear the simple message which the Lord helped me to give. People were converted and afterwards organized into a class. A board of trustees were elected. Property was purchased and afterwards deeded to the Methodist Episcopal church and a society was formed now known as Silver Brook church. I also conducted meetings in Wesley and Epworth churches in the city of Wilmington, where extensive revivals were held.

In addition to this work in homes and

churches I was called day and night to visit the sick and dying. I went in response to calls to many that never attended the churches and were not known to the pastors of the same.

While thus engaged, running my engine during the day and holding meetings and visiting the sick and dying at night and on Sunday, there began to dawn on my thought that God wanted me to leave my work of running an engine and to devote all of my time to saving souls. By what means or when it first came I do not now recall. I turned it aside as being a temptation. But again and again did I hear what I began to believe was the voice of God calling me to special work. For a long time I kept it to myself asking the Lord to keep me steady and not let me make a mistake. I reasoned about it and then I would say: "Surely the Lord does not want me to leave my work and devote my life to His service when there are so many better qualified than I." But this did not satisfy me. Like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky would come the call. At last I resolved to consult my friends concerning the matter. I talked with some and wrote to others. The advice of one was the advice of all. "Don't you leave your work. If you do the people will think you have lost your mind, and besides this you will starve to death. There are college graduate preachers that are only barely making a living and you scarcely know anything, how will you get along?" That I did not know as much about books as some other people I knew; and that there were college and other graduate preachers intellectually qualified for their work, who were not getting to be millionaires by their profession I also knew. But

still the call came. At last I said "If there is no room for me at the top of the ladder perhaps I can find a sphere at the bottom and if God wants me in the small places where others do not go, and to do a work that is not being done by others, he will take care of me in that work. I grasped the truth.

My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full—He has riches untold.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

I'm the child of a King,
I'm the child of a King,
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King.

I settled the matter as to the genuineness of my call from God to some special work. Whatever people might think I believed I knew God called me to work. I said I will go if I die. If I do not heed the call I shall die spiritually and lose my experience.

I gave a month's notice of my intention to quit and worked it out. I drew my last month's pay and began my life of faith. From that time to this I have never wanted a thing. In my own religious life and experience there seemed to come, with my new consecration and faith, an enlargement and with it more than a corresponding supply of divine grace, so that I have found it to be true as never before "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

As to temporal things: When I quit my work

and drew my last month's pay I did not know where my next dollar to meet my family and personal expenses was coming from. But I believed that God, who supplied the needs of the spiritual, would also furnish supplies for the material. The first I received was through the hands of a friend who met me on the street one day as I was looking for orders from heaven. He said: "Andy, how would you like to go to Mountain Lake Park camp meeting?" I answered: "I am not sure that the Lord wants me to go there, I have no money to pay my expenses." He put in my hands ten dollars and said: "You go." I went. That friend, Bro. Harry Webb, of Wimington, was God's messenger opening the first door to work in my new life. From that time to this I have not been idle for the want of open doors. Day and night, winter and summer, from that camp meeting at Mountain Lake in July, 1889, I have been on the go. It was here that for the first time I related my experience, the main facts being given as related in the preceding pages of this book. It was here at this meeting that for the first time I met David B. Updegraff, who put his hands on my head and prayed that I might receive a special annointing for special work. It was here that I met Rev. John Thompson, Rev. E. I. D. Peffer and many other friends who took me in the mightiness of their faith until following them I came to a place in religious experience I never knew before. Under the inspiration of all this I went down from the top of that mountain to work, a short account of which is given in the pages which follow. It was here that the suggestion was first made to me that my experience put in print might magnify the Grace of God by not

only showing how God could take nothing and make something out of it, but also that every person who might read it might know the truth viz: That there is no sinner so deep dyed in sin and this deeper dyed still by hereditary taint; and all this strengthened by the force of habit, but that if he will, Jesus Christ can save him. If this shall be I shall more than receive pay for sending forth the preceding pages which contain an account of the dark and the bright side of my life.

"My New Work."

PART III.

In the account of my work I shall only briefly refer to the places where I have been without comment. Some of the experiences had and scenes witnessed would make a book in themselves:

From Mountain Lake Park camp meeting in July, 1889 I went to Chester Heights camp meeting, from here to Pitman Grove, from here to Brandywine summit and then to Malaga camp meeting, from here to Cape May Court House, N. J., with Rev. J. G. Edwards, pastor of the M. E. Church; then to Delmar, Delaware, M. E. Church, Rev. C. S. Baker, six weeks; to Malaga, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. S. H. Hann; to Alloway, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. Alfred Wagg; to Seaford, Delaware M. E. Church, Rev. W. J. DuHadaway; to Hurlock, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. M. D. Nutter; to Traff M. E. Church, Rev. Corkran; to Crapo, M. E. Church, Rev. A. Burke; to Wesley Mission in Wilmington, Delaware.

In July 1890, Mountain Lake Park camp meeting, two weeks: Deal's Island camp meeting, ten day; Nelson's camp meeting, ten days; to Joanna Heights camp meeting, ten days; to Pocomoke City, conducted a woods meeting two weeks, with Rev. J. E. Graham of M. E. Church, pastor; to Crisfield, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. Corkran, during the progress of our meeting here one thousand dollars were raised to pay debt on parsonage; to Onancock, Va., M. E. Church, Rev. George Burk; to Nanticoke Point, Md., M. E.

Church, Rev. D. F. Waddell, first to Lone's Church three weeks then to Trinity Church on the same charge, for three weeks. To Mt. Vernon, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. Bowman; to Westover, M. E. Church, Rev. C. S. Baker, two weeks; to Pocomoke circuit, Cokesbury Church; to Bethel, Delaware, M. E. Church, Rev. Gregg, twenty days; to Seaford, Delaware, Rev. W. J. DuHadaway; to Camm's Crossing, M. E. Church, Rev. R. T. Coursey; to Dudlersville, Md.; to Mt. Vernon, to Wilmington, Delaware tent meeting, two weeks.

In July 1891, Mountain Lake Park camp meeting; to Church Creek Md., M. E. Church, Rev. G. W. Bounds, out doors meeting, two weeks; to Lakesville, M. E. Church, Rev. Mclain; to Fruitland, M. E. Church, Rev. Joshua W. Gray; two out doors meetings at Parker's chapel and at Lone's chapel; to Nelson's meeting, to Tangier Island M. E. Church, Rev. James Conner, ten days; to Onancock charge, Leatherburry's chapel; to Crisfield the second time, Rev. C. S. Baker; to Hopewell, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. J. T. Punge; to Sykies Island, Va., M. E. Church, South; to Nanticoke the second time; to Cambridge, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. J. Howard; to Hurlock the second time, to Tilghman's Island M. E. Church, Rev. J. M. Lindale; to Simpson Memorial M. E. Church, Philadelphia, Rev. W. A. Ferguson; to Camden, N. J., Wiley M. E. Church, 3rd and Beckett Sts., Rev. S. H. Hann, four weeks; to Gloucester City, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. J. B. Turpin, four weeks; to Bridgeton, N. J., Commerce St. M. E. Church, Rev. P. Provost, ten day.

In July, 1892, Mountain Lake Park camp

meeting; to Burrsville, Md., M. E. Church, Rev. J. E. Graham; to Oakland camp meeting, to Sharptown camp meeting, to Nelson's camp meeting, to Tangier Island the second time, to Newark, N. J., Presbyterian Church; Rev. McFarland, pastor, three weeks; to Newark. Del., M. E. Church, Rev. W. J. DuHadaway; to Northeast Md., M. E. Church, Rev. Coons; to Tuckahoe, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. H. G. Williams, four weeks; to May's Landing, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. John Wagg, eight weeks; to Wiley Church, Camden, second time, three weeks; to Gloucester City, second time, two weeks; to Chincoteague Island M. E. Church, Rev. G. P. Jones, three weeks.

In July, 1893, to Mountain Lake Park camp meeting; to Ridgeview, Pa., camp meeting; to Stoverdale, Pa., camp meeting; to Seaville, N. J., camp meeting; to Landisville camp meeting, to Pitman Grove camp meeting, to Malaga camp meeting, to Ocean City, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. W. A. Massey, three weeks; to Florence, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. T. C. Carman, two weeks; to Cornersville, Md., second time, six weeks; to Collingswood, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. H. G. Williams. to Bird in Hand, Pa., M. E. Church, Rev. McKinley, three weeks; to Tabernacle, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. D. D. Fisler; to Chincoteague Island, second time, two weeks.

In July, 1894, to Mountain Lake Park, to Ridgeview, Pa., camp meeting, to Pitman Grove, N. J., camp meeting; to Cherry Run, Pa., camp meeting; to Marion Centre, Pa., M. E. Church, Rev. Hoffman; to Valley camp meeting, near Pittsburg; to Cornersville, Md., the second time, six weeks; to Tabernacle, N. J., the second time; to Leesburg, N. J., M. E. Church, D. E. Lyon;

to Mauricetown, N. J., M. E. Church, Rev. Alonzo Chambers, three weeks; to Frederica, Del., M. E. Church, Rev. H. C. Turner, three weeks; to Clayton, Del., M. E. Church, Rev. W. O. Hurst, two weeks.

Thus I have gone during these six years; I have not had a single day's sickness during the time. While my work has not been confined entirely to to the Methodist Episcopal Church, yet most of my work has been done in these churches and with the co-operation of their pastors. It is, perhaps natural that it should be so. I was converted in a Methodist church and am now a licensed exhorter in the same. To her I owe all that I am. She threw her arms around me and led me to Christ. She nursed me during my infancy as a christian. Others may not feel free and be among come outers; but as for me I have the utmost freedom in the church and in work at her altars and among her ministry. I have no less interest in others and love others none the less by prizing the fact that I have a place and fellowship with the membership and ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

What the results of these years of work are so far as numbers are concerned I do not know; I have kept no account in figures. Many sinners have been converted; believers have been sanctified and lifted to a higher plane in religious life. I have always tried to lead the people to Christ and the church, believing the latter to be a mighty force in helping to develop the life and character of the christian. Returning to charges where I have worked the testimony of pastors has been that the church has not only been a help to the converts but the converts have been a help

to the church, a large number now sustaining an official relation and a great force in forwarding the spiritual and temporal interests of the churches of which they are members. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant, unto all that have been converted, sanctified or helped in my meetings, and unto all others of His people according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceedingly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

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